

There is an old wood bar in Cambridge Maryland

As you walk into the front door  
On the right you will see  
The bar-counter with wood shelves  
Filled with bottles and glasses that need to be wash

At the back of the old bar is a door leading outside  
Over the door hangs a dirty old kerosene lamp.

The old wood tables most of which are dirty  
Are occupied by old suntan crabbing man  
That no longer crab on the river

Few passers-by stop at this bar anymore  
You do get some old suntan whores  
Looking for a free beer

Many of the old man sleeps as they sit

The last time I was there  
It is late at night with thunder and lightning outside

I set at one of the old wood tables  
While the old crabbers spoke about the old days  
When they have good health, money, and attractive girls in sundress

Barry Wyatt Jr.